THE LITERARY TABLET.

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

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ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

ON GENIUS.

IT is a generally received opinion, that mankind are by nature endowed with an aptitude to excel in one particular art or ſcience more than in another. One ſees almoſt intuitively, the moſt profound demonſtration in mathematics, another reliſhes the beauties of poetry, and can ſoar with Milton,

" Where God is light,
" And never, but in unapproached light,
" Dwelt from eternity, dwelt in thee,
" Bright effluence of bright eſſence increate;"

or with Thompſon, range,

" Where contentment walks the ſunny round."

A third, with the ſublime flights of oratory, ſuch as thoſe by which a Sheridan could raiſe from their ſeats a Britiſh audience, while he portrayed the cruelties of a Britiſh ſubject, is calculated to rule the paſſions of an audience. The genius of one, directs him to metaphyſical reſearch, while that of another guides his hand to animate the canvas or give life to the marble block.

A few have an aptitude to excel in all the arts and ſciences, and are called univerſal geniuſes. Many are deſtitute of it, conſequently but a grade removed from the brute creation.

This natural aptitude is called genius. To the difference in the genius of mankind, is attributed the multiplicity of characters in the world. To conſider this opinion is of importance to ſociety, as, if admitted, it entrains conſequences of a ſerious nature; if not founded in fact to adopt it, muſt be pernicious. Too often has it happened, that, from an imaginary want of genius, many, who might have ſhone as ſtars of the firſt magnitude in the conſtellation of ſcience, have been doomed to drag out their lives at the plow or the anvil. To ſhow that the diverſity in the human character, depends not ſo much on the difference in the geniuſes of men as on education and contingency, is the object of this eſſay.

By accidental cauſes we would be underſtood to mean thoſe, which fetter the faculties of the ſoul by its connection with the body. Sickneſs may prevent a diſplay of the moſt brilliant mental powers, by deſtroying, or weakening the ſenſes, the medium by which the ſoul receives ideas, and man thereby be rendered unſuſceptible of improvement. To ſay that Sir Iſaac Newton, in his dotage, was not a man of genius, becauſe he could not comprehend his own inveſtigations, would be an unfair concluſion. The truth is, his genius was the ſame when age had benumbed his ſenſes, as when he made the greateſt diſcoveries.

Genius muſt be conſidered as a faculty of the mind; and to argue that mankind do not poſſeſs it in common, in perfection, or that one is deſtitute of all genius, while another has an univerſal one, is directly aſſerting, that the ſoul of one man comes from its Creator, more imperfect, or endowed with fewer faculties, than that of another. To ſuppoſe this, we muſt believe that the benevolent God of Nature has maimed his work in the orginal conception. We might follow this train of reaſoning, and ſay, if a ſoul be created with one faculty leſs than common, why may it not with two? why may it not be formed without faculties? Where then ſhall we have a criterion to determine what conſtitutes a rational, immortal ſoul? by what ſhall man be diſtinguiſhed from the docile dog, which inſtinctively follows the footſteps of his maſter, and the ox he accuſtoms to turn the glebe? If the mind be imperfect in its creation, it is a fair inference, that it is not immortal. But none will believe a doctrine ſo abſurd. If the mind diſcover faint glimmerings of genius, like the ſun dimly ſeen through a cloud, ſhall we infer that its genius is languid? Shall we not rather conclude, that when the miſts are diſpelled, and ignorance chaſed away by a right education, it will ſhine forth with its own clear, native luſtre? nay, that its corruſcations will be brighter, and the effects of its brightneſs be more univerſally felt, than if it had never been inveloped? The examples which corroborate this opinion are numerous. Sir Iſaac Newton, who has ſo completely developed the arcana of the natural world, and whoſe philoſophical ſpeculations will ſuſtain unimpaired the ſhocks of time, was driven from the univerſity for a ſuppoſed incapacity to acquire knowledge requiſite to entitle him to the degree of Baccalaurei Artium. Swift, who has done ſo much towards improving the taſte of his countrymen, whom few has excelled as a poet, and none ſurpaſſed as a proſe writer, received a degree from ſpecial favor; an attempt was made to whip ſcience into Milton, who has immortalized Engliſh poetry, and Sheridan, the immortal Sheridan! whoſe eloquence is unrivalled, could not be taught to read till he was ſixteen. So deſtitute of genius did he ſeem, that he was ſuppoſed to approximate nigh to a ſtate of ideotiſm. Shall we raſhly conclude theſe illuſtrious perſons had no geniuſes in youth? none, till they made of them ſuch a ſplendid diſplay? True it is, that the faculties of the ſoul are ſuſceptible of cultivation, and on the cultivation they receive is founded the character of the man. This makes the diſtinction between a Bacon and his valet, between a Waſhington and an Arnold.

Nothing has ſo much confirmed mankind in the opinion of the natural difference in the geniuſes of men, as the believed notion, that perſons, who have the ſame advantages for the attainment of knowledge, make quite different characters. Nay, it is rare to find two out of an hundred, educated in the ſame ſchool, and by the ſame tutors, who are ſimilar in their characters. This may be conceded without allowing the leaſt natural difference in their faculties; for the foundation of their future characters in life is laid before they enter the threſhold of ſcience. To place this in a ſtill ſtronger light, let us trace the progreſs of two children from their earlieſt infancy to the time when they have formed characters for life. Suppoſe they are produced at the ſame birth, that they are nouriſhed at the ſame breaſt, are equally dear to their parents, put under the care of the ſame inſtructors, and at the age of twenty, one is found learned, honeſt, and prepared for great uſefulneſs,—the other ignorant, knaviſh, and fitted to be the peſt of ſociety. Such a caſe is not impoſſible, and they are believed to have received the ſame education, and the difference is, immediately, charged to nature, who has endowed one with genius and goodneſs of heart, and left the other deſtitute of talents, but given him a perverſe diſpoſition; when their educations have been conducted on directly oppoſite principles. From the faſhion of his face, or the cut of his coat, the maſter may, at firſt view, have contracted a partiality for one. Of courſe, more attention will be paid to him than to the other. The powers of his mind will ſooner expand, the partiality will increaſe, and, in a ſhort time, the maſter will believe there was a foundation in nature for a partiality, which was the offspring of caprice, and has made the difference in his pupils. By ſuch conduct, the ambition of one will be excited, and he will apply himſelf with alacrity to his ſtudies, that of the other will be depreſſed, his taſk will be irkſome, and he will ſeek for amuſement in miſchief and debauchery. If the maſter walk with his pupils to contemplate the beauties of nature, while he points out, and expatiates on them to one, the other is left to his own obſervation, to range the field alone, gathering ſometimes a lilly, and ſometimes a briar. The conſequence is, one ſoon becomes the favorite of his inſtructor, and child of genius, the other an incorrigible blockhead. Yet theſe are believed to have received the ſame education!

What then ſhall we infer? That genius is the child of education. This is an important principle for parents in bringing up their children, never to deſpair of ſeeing them men of genius and learning, though in youth they make no extraordinary diſplay of talents. If they improve not by the inſtruction of one maſter, let them have another; not immediately condemn them to ſervile employments, as having no genius. Let us not believe that a man is born a thief, or a woman a proſtitute.

LEUMAS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

ON POPULAR APPLAUSE.

WHEN we contemplate the character of man, we find not a weakneſs more flagrant, than a propenſity to laviſh encomiums on thoſe, who are thought great; eſpecially if they are ſtamped with that deifying principle, *antiquity*. From the *ſceptred monarch*, to the *whip-galled ſlave*, there is ſcarcely found

ſon, who does not poſſeſs this in a greater or leſs degree. We often hear men call forth a file of the wiſe among the ancients ; and then pronounce ſuch eulogies upon them, as theſe before had done upon their ſuppoſed deities.

Here is one enraptured with a line from an almoſt antedeluvian poet ; while another is in extacy at reading a ſentence from the fathers. One admires their ſublime thoughts ; another their majeſty ; while a third reveres them for the elegant ſimplicity of their figures.

Greece boaſts her Homer, her Lycurgus, her Plato, her Demoſthenes ;—and ſee the world, after a lapſe of more than two thouſand years, ſtand with mouth wide gaping at the mention of their names. See the eaſt fall proſtrate at the ſhrine of Confucius. See Rome trumpet the fame of a Cincinnatus, a Cicero, a Brutus, a Virgil ;—and the four corners of the earth venerate their relics. Yet, probably many were the follies committed by each of theſe, at the thought of which a grubſtreet truckman would bluſh.

The weakneſs of the world's great ones are hid behind a ſplendid veil, or ſunk in oblivion. One ſide of the picture only is held up to view, which dazzles with its ſplendor ; while the other, perhaps, is the very image of deformity ! But time, and what little of their character is known, has ſanctified them. We cannot now enter into their cloſets, nor develope their private ſentiments ;—if we could, we might be ſhocked at their baſeneſs. Yet the world ſtands tiptoe to hear their wonderful performances ; and, frequently, the leſs reſemblance they have to truth and poſſibility, the more they are admired.

It is true, that a recital of the works and characters of great and good men is uſeful ; and the ſtudy of them inſtructive ;—but the worſhip of them abominable ! Not to mention the blind adoration offered to the wiſeſt and moſt deſerving of the ancients, how many pay little leſs than divine honor to the aſhes of a Cæſar, Cæſar a tyrant !

Finally, conſidering, that the Egyptians, Greeks and Romans have made a ſufficient number of deities, it would be as well to be leſs enthuſiaſtic, more independent in ſentiment, more conſtant in our attachments, and worſhip but one GOD. W.

RELIGION.

Religion brightens in the ſhades of retirement. The hurry of buſineſs, and the rude ſcenes of mirth drown the whiſpers of conſcience, and quench the vital ſpark of religion. The chriſtian will often retire to converſe with his God. There he enjoys his ſweeteſt moments, there he taſtes the pleaſures which it is not in the power of earthly objects to afford. When he withdraws from noiſe and diſturbance, when he meditates at leiſure on theſe great truths, which have never been ſeriouſly enough conſidered, it is almoſt impoſſible that he ſhould not be affected with them. Intercourſe with the world cools our affections for religion, and darkens the hopes of future enjoyment, in the ſame proportion that it increaſes our attachment to the preſent. If we would breathe a purer air, we muſt ſhun the noxious vapours of vice, we muſt flee from it, as more dangerous than the plague or the peſtilence. Ye friends of humanity ; when you behold the greater part of mankind eagerly purſuing the fleeting vanities of time, and forgetting the joys of immortality, then retire and heave a ſigh for human depravity ; but retire not in vain. Reſolve to quit your follies ere you again immerge in ſinful pleaſures.

All the moments of our lives are counted. Let us employ them well or ill, we ſhall not increaſe their number, it is fixed and leſſens continually. Is then our treaſure on earth ? It will vaniſh in the hour of diſtreſs. Is it in heaven ? It will increaſe in value through a boundleſs Eternity.

Youth and beauty may fall before the corroding hand of time, like the tender flower before the chillig blaſts of autumn. The brighteſt morning may ſoon be overcaſt with clouds ; and ſtorms of adverſity may drive us far from the ſmiles and careſſes of our friends ; happy beyond expreſſion, if in theſe moments religion be our guide. This will ſmooth the furrowed front of age, and blunt the barbed arrow of death. This will brighten our hopes when all other enjoyments have fled, when gaiety ceaſes to pleaſe, and mirth can no longer delight. [*Dart. Gaz.*

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

Application neceſſary to the Student.

Although the gifts of nature are liberal to all, many are complaining of her partiality, and ungratefully charging her with injuſtice. While ſome repine at their ſmall ſhare of wealth, others with no leſs impropriety, ſpend a life of idleneſs, lamenting their want of genius and abilities. But notwithſtanding the diverſity which nature has made in the human intellect, ſuperior attainments generally depend on a patient and perſevering applicalion. Without this the moſt ſplendid talents will be loſt in obſcurity, and with it, few will finally fail of reſpectability and uſefulneſs. No brilliancy of parts can ſupply the want of diligence.

Does the Student, the Lawyer, or the Divine hope for eminence ? Their hopes muſt be founded on diligence and application. Without theſe, genius may pleaſe for a while, but the pleaſure will be, like the illuſions of a dream, ſhort and deceitful.

Idleneſs enervates alike the body and the mind. Thoſe who neglect manly exertions for improvement, through fear of ſome *fancied* defect in their natures, will ſoon be in *reality* what they are now only in imagination. The hill of ſcience cannot be aſcended at at a ſtep. And who knows but *he* may reach the ſummit by diligence and perſeverance ?

The *pleaſing* review of paſt attainments is an ample reward for all the toils which they have occaſioned. The philoſopher is raiſed above other men, but his greatneſs is ſubſtantial. He not only looks back with pleaſure upon the fields of ſcience, which he has explored, but his proſpects of futurity are bright and cheering. C. M.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

MAN is a reſtleſs being. He is conſtantly graſping after wealth and power, vainly imagining that theſe conſtitute the baſis of human felicity.—He thinks, that while in poſſeſſion of worldly honor, he cannot but be happy. This is deluſion. There is a ſmall portion of pure happineſs, enjoyed in this world. The moſt proſperous ſcenes of life, are not without alloy. Solomon partook of all the luxuries of the Eaſt. He ſought for happineſs in the enjoyment of worldly pleaſures, but found they were not permanent, and declared, 'that all was vanity.' In the morning of life we anxiouſly look forward to ſcenes of future bliſs. But when we arrive at manhood, cares and toils crowd on us in conſtant ſucceſſion. The tender buds of hope are nipped by the killing froſt of diſappointment. The path which we ſuppoſed ſmooth and eaſy, is often obſtructed by thorny hedges and ragged clifts. The fanciful viſions of youthful expectation, are diſſolved by the touch of real life. We find the world ſtored with fewer enjoyments that we imagined. How tranſitory the deareſt poſſeſſions and pureſt joys this world can beſtow ! How often do we ſee fathers and mothers deprived of their tender offspring, or children left without parental aid. We often behold the eyes of a diſconſolate huſband, moiſtened with tears, for the loſs of a beautiful and amiable wife. The groans of the afflicted widow often aſſail us. She mourns the loſs of an affectionate huſband whoſe arms can no longer afford her protection, and whoſe ear cannot liſten to her plaintive ſtrains. That breaſt, which contained the pureſt love and nobleſt ſentiments, is mouldering to duſt. What a ſolemn ſcene ! Our friends moved to a land of darkneſs, and we left to proſecute our journey. Old age advances with rapid ſtrides, attended with diſeaſe, deſtitute of enjoyment, the friends of our youth no more, and nothing remaining but for death to end our ſorrow. The king of terrors will not appear formidable if we are pepared for our exit.

In the grave there is reſt. The manſions of the dead are peaceful, and the cares of life are at an end. Paſſion diſturbs not, neither can ambition interrupt. The corroding hand of envy and the tongue of ſlander, trouble not the repoſe of the inhabitant of the tomb. The moſt profound ſilence reigns there. Yet it is inſtructive. It is eloquent. It teaches us to number our days and to apply our hearts to wiſdom.

MONITOR.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

SONNET TO MOONLIGHT.

SWEET moonlight, hail ! to thee how much
I owe,
For anguiſh ſoftened, penſive ſorrow ſooth'd;
For hours of pleaſure, undiſturbed by woe,
And happy rambles with the friend I lov'd?

Thy magic pow'r my glowing heart expands,
And gives reflection ſtill a brighter hue ;
Unfolds to youth the works of Nature's hands,
And brings *conviction* to the *Atheiſt's* view.

When, ſunk beneath the weight of ſorrow's arm,
My boſom ſeeks relief in vain from art;
'Tis then thy beauties aid religion's calm
And yield a penſive pleaſure to my heart.

Come! then mild evening, come! and with thee bring
Bewitching moonlight's ſoft, reflective hour;
Aſſiſt bright hope to raiſe her airy wing,
And loſe the gloomy thoughts, that round me lower.

SELIMA.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

SAY, is it *love* that pains my breaſt,
And heaves the frequent ſigh?
And is it love that breaks my reſt?
That gliſtens in my eye?

Ah! yes 'tis love!—the urchin ſly,
With arrow quick and ſure,
Transfixed my heart, condemned to die,
Without a hope of cure.

I ſaw him from his Mother's arms
Deſcend, to cull from earth
Such flowers, as form the potent charms,
That give to paſſion birth.

Then quick as thought the arrow flew,
Compelled by powerful charms,
To fill my heart with anguiſh new,
My boſom with alarms.

But ſoon the ſprings of life will ceaſe,
And ſoon the time arrive,
When *death* ſhall give my boſom peace,
And happineſs revive.

SELIMA.

MISCELLANEOUS.

OF SAVAGE.

PERHAPS no poet of equal pretenſions is ſo little read as Richard Savage: many remember his misfortunes, but few mention his verſes. Why it has ſo fallen out it is difficult to ſay. Pope commended his muſe and Johnſon pronounced him a genius, and one would ſuppoſe the ſuffrages of ſuch men were a ſure indication of his durable renown. But, if the Baſtard be excepted, there is little now that he is recalled by beſide the Epigram on Dennis and the Biography of his Friend. Among the wits of his day he was as brilliant and ragged as Apollo could wiſh, and, though his life was irregular, his muſe was correct. Poor Savage! in the melancholy records of that deſcription of gentlemen denominated bards, thy hiſtory is mournfully preeminent, and, though thy ſong may be neglected, thy errors will be remembered for a humiliation to genius.

[*Anthology.*

DR. AIKIN.

IT was ſaid by Aikin of the late Dr. Enfield, that he was perfect maſter of what may be called the *middle ſtyle*. If any living author may claim the honour of ſucceeding to this character it is Aikin himſelf. His "letters to his ſon" ſhould be in the hands of every young man, upon his entrance into the world, in preference to Little's poems; and his "letters to a young lady upon a courſe of Engliſh poetry" are worth at leaſt as much as any bonnet in Cornhill. There is a chaſteneſs of ſentiment, a ſuſceptibility of poetical beauty, a coolneſs of deciſion, and a liberality of mind diſcovered in every line of this engaging writer, which ſhow the influence of literature on a mind, which perhaps bears no very original ſtamp, but is ſolid enough to take a poliſh, and pure enough to reflect rays of genius, and of taſte. *Ib.*

STUDY, when the avowed object is improvement, ought to be accompanied with the moſt elevated ſentiments. The ſtudent, who has been fed on the viands of claſſical proſe, and quaffed the nectar of ſyſtematical poetry, would pine on the huſks of a poet's corner, and ſtarve in a profuſion of novels and romance.

[*Vaſe's Oration.*

Without frugality none can be rich, and with it few can be poor. Frugality may be termed the ſiſter of temperance and the parent of liberty. He, who is extravagant, will ſoon become poor, and poverty will enſure dependence and invite corruption.

(The ſubſequent lines, copied, we believe, from the Polyanthos, and conveyed to the Editor by an amiable and highly eſteemed friend, are well entitled to the reader's attention.)

O WEEP not thus—we both ſhall know,
Ere long a happier doom;
There is a place of reſt below,
Where thou and I ſhall ſurely go,
And ſweetly ſleep, releaſed from woe,
Within the tomb.

My cradle was the couch of care,
And ſorrow rocked me in it;
Fate ſeemed her ſaddeſt robe to wear
On the firſt day, that ſaw me there,
And darkly ſhadowed with diſpair
My earlieſt minute.

E'en then the griefs I now poſſeſs,
As natal boons were given;
And the fair form of happineſs,
Which hover'd round intent to bleſs,
Scar'd by the phantoms of diſtreſs,
Flew back to Heaven!

For I was made in joys deſpite,
And meant for miſery's ſlave;
And all my hours of brief delight
Fled, like the ſpeedy winds of night,
Which ſoon ſhall wheel their ſullen flight
Acroſs my grave!

EPIGRAMS.

Honeſt Teague, when return'd from a trip to the North,
For to Lapland 'twas ſaid he had been;
Was queſtioned—"if during his cold wintry birth,
Whether any Rein Deer he had ſeen?"

When ſays he, "By my ſowle as the truth I regard,
I was ſtationed there almoſt a year;
And ſometimes, in ſummer, it rain'd very hard,
But never once ſaw it rain Deer!"

When I call'd t'other day on a noble renown'd,
In his great marble hall lay the Bible *well bound*,
Not as printed by Baſkett, and *bound* up in black,
But chain'd to the floor, like a thief by the back.
Unacquainted with *ton*, and your quality airs,
I ſuppos'd it intended for family prayers;
His *piety* pleas'd, I applauded his zeal,
Yet thought none would venture the Bible to ſteal;
But judge my ſurpriſe, when inform'd of the caſe,
He had chain'd it, *for fear it would fly im his face.*

If you tranſpoſe what ladies wear—VEIL.
'Twill plainly ſhow what harlots are—VILE.
Again if you tranſpoſe the ſame,
You'll ſee an ancient Hebrew name—LEVI.
Change it again, and it will ſhow,
What all on earth deſire to do—LIVE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EUGENIO, for his long and conſtant patronage, has merited, and ſhall ever have, the Editor's ſincereſt acknowledgments. Many of his little productions are worthy to go down with poſterity, and become models for poetic genius in far diſtant time.

EUNOUS ſhall have a place in our next number.

The writer of the Eſſay 'On telling truth' is requeſted to continue his correſpondence.

We wiſh to hear frequently from 'Serious,' 'Cariolanus,' 'N.' and 'W.'

A. Z. though long ſilent, has loſt nothing of his former energy of thought or elegance of expreſſion.

SELIMA's compoſitions are all approved, and what are not inſerted in the preſent number, ſhall ſoon receive publicity. This poteſs, we hope, will be imitated by thoſe of her ſex, who prefer an improvement of intellect to the ſenſeleſs chit chat of the day. If ſhe is deficient in accuracy of diction and ſmoothneſs of numbers, we ſeldom find her ſuperior in tenderneſs of ſentiment or ſtrength of imagination.

If K's legs are as unequal as his lines of poetry, he is certainly *a 'lame poet.'*

LEUMAS' elegant eſſay 'On Genius' will be read with avidity. This writer's *manner* is peculiarly intereſting, and his *matter* inſtructive.

The 19th No. of the Tablet will be iſſued in a week from the date of this.

☞ Delinquent ſubſcribers for the Tablet are requeſted to make immediate payment to the Printer. The Proprietor's accompts muſt all be ſettled by the 27th of Auguſt next.

THE Editor, unexpectedly called to remove his reſidence from this place, is obliged, partially, to reſign the care of the Tablet to a literary friend. Though at a diſtance, he will not refuſe any poſſible aſſiſtance to this little miſcellany, which has long been the object of his peculiar ſolicitude. He adopted the Tablet when it was an orphan child, caſt on the world, unaided and forlorn. Without the liberal contribution of genius and wealth, it muſt have periſhed in early infancy.

Foſtered by the friends of literature and religion, it has ſurvived its tendereſt childhood. It is ſtill in a feeble ſtate; but we hope, that unremitted exertions will enable it to paſs its youthful years, reach a vigorous manhood, and go down to the grave in a venerable old age.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

ANTICIPATIONS REALIZED.

Loud howl'd the bleak wind o'er the brow of the hill,
As ſilent I hied to my cottage alone ;
The ſwains in my lov'd native village were ſtill,
The owl, from the nook, had begun his ſad moan.

When, through the dim twilight, I faintly deſcried
The mould'ring church ſteeple, where oft in my youth,
On Sundays I'd been, with my parents at ſide,
To gather inſtruction from leſſons of truth.

When fancy, forever a foe to my peace,
Suggeſted my Mary had proved unkind ;
Nor, my bleeding boſom to torture would ceaſe,
A thought, which corroded, diſtracted my mind.

I often eſſay'd to diſmiſs it, in vain,
Remember'd my fame and my glory in war,
Drop'd a tear for the brave, who fell on the plain,
And felt, deep infix'd on my breaſt, the grim [ſcar.

Recal'd from oblivion the ſcenes of my youth,
When with her delighted, I rang'd o'er the plain ;
But nothing my paſſions now raging could ſoothe ;
All ſerv'd but to heighten, not leſſen the [pain.

I fancy'd I ſaw her faſt lock'd in the arms
Of ſome happy rival by fortune careſs'd,
Who revel'd ſecure on her too lovely charms,
And preſs'd, ardent preſs'd, the fond wife to his breaſt.

My babes were forſaken, and on the world caſt,
The world, which at poverty glances with ſcorn,
While o'er them all naked, the keen wintry blaſt
Howl'd loud, as they wander'd, deſerted, forlorn.

For this then, I cried, have I valiantly fought?
For this have I bow'd at curs'd tyranny's ſhrine ?
For this, honor, wealth in fierce battle have fought,
On the diſtant, far diſtant banks of the Rhine?

Ah, Mary, falſe Mary, where now is the oath,
And the laſt kiſs of love, which, at parting, you gave ?
Alas ! I but too well perceive they are both
Transfer'd from a man to a daſtardly ſlave.

My ſword, but my ſword ſhall redreſs all my wrongs—
Yes, now my revenge, ſtrictly juſt, will I ſate;
To me vengeance truly, and only, belongs ;
My love, once ſo pure, is now changed to hate.

My ſoul was on fire, at the glorious thought ;
To winds then my reaſon I inſtantly gave ;
To ſatiate my malice invet'rate I ſought,
And found her, alas ! lock'd faſt in the grave !

SELECTED POETRY.

A Paſtoral Ballad. In four Parts.

BY SHENSTONE.

As the following paſtoral is exceeded by none in the Engliſh language, both for the ſmoothneſs of its verſe, and exquiſite beauty of its ſentiments, we cannot withhold it from our readers.—TAB.

I. ABSENCE.

YE ſhepherds ſo cheerful and gay,
Whoſe flocks never careleſsly roam ;
Should Croydon's happen to ſtray,
Oh ! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muſe and to ſigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find ;
None, once, was ſo watchful as I :
—I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

Now I know what it is to have ſtrove
With the torture of doubt and deſire ;
What it is, to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah lead forth my flock in the morn
And the damps of each ev'ning repel ;
Alas ! I am faint and forlorn :
—I have bade my dear Phyllis farewel.

Since Phyllis vouchſaf'd me a look,
I never once dreampt of my vine.;
May I loſe both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd every hour that went by,
Beyoud all that had pleas'd me before ;
But now they are paſs'd, and I ſigh ;
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languiſh in vain ?
Why wander thus penſively here ?
Oh ! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the ſmiles of my dear ?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of the valley, is flown !
Alas ! where with her I have ſtray'd,
I could wander with pleaſure, alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguiſh I felt at my heart !
Yet I thought—but it might not be ſo—
'Twas with pain that ſhe ſaw me depart.
She gaz'd as I ſlowly withdrew ;
My path I could hardly diſcern ;
So ſweetly ſhe bade me adieu,
I thought that ſhe bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To viſit ſome far diſtant ſhrine,
If he bear but a relique away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotions, I owe,
Soft Hope is the relique I bear,
And my ſolace wherever I go.

II. HOPE.

MY banks they are furniſh'd with bees,
Whoſe murmur invites one to ſleep ;
My grottos are ſhaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with ſheep.
I ſeldom have met with a loſs,
Such health do my fountains beſtow ;
My fountains, all border'd with moſs,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there ſeen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound :
Not a beach's more beautiful green,
But a ſweet-briar twines it around.
Not my fields in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold :
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with ſilhes of gold.

One would think ſhe might like to retire
To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear ;
Not a ſhrub that I heard her admire,
But I haſted and planted it there,
O how ſudden the jeſſamine ſtrove
With the lilac to render it gay !
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands, and groves,
What ſtrains of wild melody flow !
How the nightingales warble their loves,
From thickets of roſes that blow !
And when her bright form ſhall appear,
Each bird ſhall harmoniouſly join
In a concert ſo ſoft and ſo clear,
As——ſhe may not be found to reſign.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed :
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will ſay 'twas a babarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, ſhe averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young :
And I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such tenderneſs from her tongue.

I have heard her with ſweetneſs unfold
How that pity was due to——a dove :
That it ever attended the bold,
And ſhe call'd it the ſiſter of Love.
But her words ſuch a pleaſure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her ſpeak, and, whatever ſhe ſay,
Methinks I ſhould love her the more.

Can a boſom ſo gentle remain
Unmov'd, when her Corydon ſighs ?
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
Theſe plains, and this valley deſpiſe ?
Dear regions of ſilence and ſhade !
Soft ſcenes of contentment and eaſe !
Where I could have pleaſingly ſtray'd,
If aught in her abſence, could pleaſe.

But where does my Phyllida ſtray ?
And where are her grots and her bow'rs ?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the ſhepherds as gentle as hours ?
The groves may, perhaps, be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine ;
The ſwains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

[*3d & 4th Parts omitted till next No.*]

HUMAN LIFE.

——Ah ! what is human life !
How like the dial's tardy-moving ſhade,
Day after day ſlides from us unperceiv'd !
The cunning fugitive is ſwift by ſtealth ;
Too ſubtle is the movement to be ſeen ;
Yet ſoon the hour is up—and we are gone.

YOUNG.

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